

PRICE FIVE CENTS.

INDIANAPOLIS, SUNDAY MORNING, MAY 21, 1899.

PRICE FIVE CENTS.

**BEST FOR YOUR MONEY**

**HENRY GEORGE CIGAR**

**ONLY 5 CENTS**

**SEVERIN & CO., Distributors**

Reliable Advertisers of Facts.....



Reliable Advertisers of Facts.....

## A Seasonable Sale of Seasonable Clothing

This week will inaugurate a great sale of warm weather suits. We have been preparing for it for some time and are now in shape to offer in three prices each, three different lines of unexceptionable bargains in Serge, Worsted-Cheviot and Thibet Suits. Market conditions made it possible for us to acquire the goods at wonderfully low wholesale figures and we offer it to our public at proportionately small prices.

The three essentials of clothing excellence are embodied in the highest point in these suits. FIRST—Strictly all wool in every fibre of the fabrics and the very best conscientious tailoring and workmanship, insuring durability and permanent shapeliness. SECOND—The newest New York fashions, which give them the grace and distinction of high-priced merchant tailored suits. THIRD—Unmatchably low prices. Below we describe the three lines of the Three Special Suit Offerings. To these specifications and prices we invite the critical attention of clothes purchasers. You will not be able to match these values elsewhere at any time.

## Serge, Worsted-Cheviot and Thibet Suits

**\$7.25** At this price we offer a line of suits which cannot be equalled elsewhere for \$4.75 more money. The suits are beautifully made of standard all-wool fabrics, the fashions are stylish and full of distinction and the tailoring and trimming is equal to that of \$20 custom made suits. They are unmatchable bargains at the price.

**\$9.50** We offer suits of a little more finely woven serge than we can at the first price. Hand padded collars and hand pressed lapels are a feature of this grade. The cloth is principally imported and is guaranteed fast color under all conditions. The serges have a close woven and beautifully finished surface which will give two good seasons' wear. The cheviots and thibets have all the grace peculiar to these fabrics when justice is done to them in the making. Surpassing bargains at \$9.50.

**\$11.25** The \$11.25 line of suits is little short of a miracle in clothing value. Imported fabrics of the most famous weaves are used together with the richest and most luxurious linings and trimmings. Seams are hand stayed, collars and lapels are hand pressed, button holes are hand made, everywhere that hand work will contribute to serviceability and long life hand work is used. The swiftest merchant tailor could not make better garments, and he could not employ as fine materials for four times the money that we ask for the suits. We invite the attention of the most exclusive wearers of fashionable clothing to these suits.

Nothing like comparison to these values. Compare OUR GARMENTS with other stores' offerings. We are willing to submit our values to the most captious critics.

"EXTRA"—MONDAY ONLY: The unrestricted choice of our entire stock of magnificent neckwear, values up to \$1.00, but one day only at..... **25c**

**W. STRAUSS & CO.,**

5 and 7 W. Washington St.

Money back here for the asking.

## THE COAST OF BRAZIL

FEATURES OF LIFE ON BOARD A STEAMER IN THE COASTING TRADE.

The Travelers Include Emigrants and Middle-Class Brazilians with Unusual Table Manners.

## THE SUGAR AND COTTON LANDS

COTTON FACTORIES WHICH PAY 50 PER CENT. DIVIDENDS

Pernambuco and the Wonderful Reef That Inoculates Its Harbor—The Farming Industry in Brazil.

[Copyrighted, 1899, by Frank G. Carpenter.]

PERNAMBUCO, Brazil, April 14.—I am traveling along the coast of Brazil. My ship is a Brazilian steamer which goes regularly from Rio to the mouth of the Amazon. The distance is about 2,900 miles, and the voyage takes fourteen days. It is almost as far from Rio to the Amazon as it is from the mouth of the Amazon to New York. This steamer is fast enough, but we stop at every port to take on and discharge freight, and we are all the time crowded with passengers. By the Brazilian laws all coast freighting must be done in national vessels. This ship belongs to the Lloyd Brazilian line, which has the monopoly of the coast trade of the country. It has ships along the coast, and the Amazon and mail steamers which go from Rio Janeiro up the Parana and Paraguary rivers to Matto Grosso. My ship is the *Mamaos*. It is a steamer of about 3,000 tons, and is a first-class ship in every respect. It was built in England, and it has all modern improvements. The cabin is lighted by incandescent electric lights and the dining room is finished in marble and gold. The bath room of the steamer seems to be used by no one but myself, and the warm salt water shower bath which I have every morning is delicious.

This is the new side of the picture, otherwise there is comfort with a difference. The ship is crowded with passengers, and such passengers. Those who travel on the regular steamers have no idea of the people who swarm the coast vessels. My companions are of all colors and conditions of men. Let me begin with the Bostonians. This is filled with emigrants, who are on their way to work in the rubber forests of the Amazon. There are at least a thousand of them, nearly all more or less colored. Most of the men have their families with them and there are at least fifty babies and many small children. The babies in most cases are stark naked, as is the case with all the children under four years of age. These little ones sprawl over the deck in all sorts of attitudes. They play games, now and then wrestling together. I saw one four-year-old boy who was playing horse riding a knobby stick between his naked legs. As he stepped over the deck another naked boy saw the horse and coveted it. He grabbed it, and there was straightway a fight, which ended in both children being captured by their parents and carried squalling to opposite sides of the deck. Some of the babies are quite pretty. I saw one to play with with me, but I do not consider it safe. To-day, for instance, I saw a woman suckling one of these nude little ones and at the same time going through its hair and picking out certain insects which are not to be mentioned in polite society. It was a case of doing two things at the same time, and as I could judge, doing both of them well.

On the lower gangway, where every one had to pass, another woman was slung her hammock. She lies most of the time stretched out in it with a little one about a week old in her arms. Yesterday afternoon as I went by, she was giving the baby a bath. She had placed a large gourd on the deck and had stood the little one in it. She was pouring the water over the baby and scrubbing it vigorously. The infant cried lustily, looking, in its nakedness, the personification of grief.

**QUEER TABLE MANNERS.** Speaking of oddities, they are slung everywhere on the decks of the ship. They are tied to the rigging one above the other like the bunks in an Atlantic liner. Every hammock has two or three persons in it. Sometimes the hammock contains a man and his wife, sometimes a mother and her children. It disturbs me when the negro lady who sits beside me at the table goes fishing in the mixed pickle bottle for little onions with the fork she has just been using, and, having caught several and eaten them, passes the bottle across the table to her fat Brazilian grandma, who acts the same way. The first is at 6 o'clock. It consists of tea or coffee and a cracker. At 9:30 there is a breakfast, which is much like a dinner in its number of courses and at 4:30 comes dinner. At 8 o'clock is served. The breakfast begins with a soup, then follows fish or meat fritters, then braised beef and vegetables. There is always a bowl of

farina or roasted mandioca flour on the table. This is sprinkled over the meat by some of the guests. The Brazilians like it, but it tastes like sawdust to me. There is also a mixture of dried beef and black beans cooked up in a stew and tongue served in different ways. The dessert is usually guava jelly, Edam cheese, oranges and bananas. The dinner bill is just about the same, the courses being made almost entirely of meats.

## FROM RIO TO PERNAMBUCO.

Our first port of call after leaving Rio was the town of Victoria, the capital of the little state of Espirito Santo. Next we came to Bahia, where I stopped for some time and then made my way north on the same line to Maceo and at last to this city of Recife, or, as it is generally called, Pernambuco. Maceo is a pretty bright-colored town of about 25,000 people, the capital of the state of Alagoas.

Alagoas is about as big as West Virginia, and has about as many people to the square mile as Maine. It is an agricultural state, raising sugar, cotton and tobacco. In the warehouses at the wharves I saw sugar piled up like sand on the floors, and in the market place great quantities of tobacco twisted up in ropes from cables to clotheslines. Tobacco here is sold by weight, the customer directing how much of the twist he wants.

In this trip I see more and more the extent to which the negroes have intermixed with the Brazilians. The majority of the half million people of Alagoas have colored blood in their veins, and of the town of Maceo there are many more colored than white. During my stay I did not see a score of pure whites, although there were negroes in great numbers. Little negro babies of two and four years sprawled upon the cobble stone streets. Negro boys rode yellow mules loaded with kerosene oil cans slung to the sides of the animals in the original boxes in which they were shipped from Philadelphia. The cans contained water, and such boys are the water carriers of the city, who go from house to house selling water at about a half cent a gallon. There were many negro women on the streets. They walked along with immense bundles on their heads, their bosoms pushed to the front as full as that of the fat woman in the dime museum. There were little yellow girls and boys by the score going to school, and with them other girls and boys of a sallow complexion.

I visited the market. It covers a square, but the chief business seems to be done by women and in many cases by old slaves. The younger generation of the colored race are, as a rule, shiftless, and the best of the negro population is that which once served as slaves.

The trade of the market was what a Connecticut Yankee would call a whitening business. Most things were sold by the handful. The chief merchandise was mandioca, rice, corn and beans. These are the staple foods of the people. The Brazilians are, indeed, greater heat eaters than the Bostonians. The latter insist on having beans Saturday and Sunday, while the Brazilians take their beans twice a day year in and year out.

IN PERNAMBUCO. Leaving Maceo we next stopped at Pernambuco, or, I should say, Recife. There is much to be seen in this city. It is the capital of the state of Pernambuco. That is the name of the State. The real name of the city is Recife. The word "recife" means "reef," and Recife gets its name from a wonderful reef which runs out into the sea for a distance of several miles, enclosing a great natural dock, which forms its harbor. This reef is a stone wall formed by nature, enclosing a tank less than half a mile wide and several miles long. The wall rock at low tide is, perhaps, ten feet above the water. At high tide it is almost covered, but the Brazilians have built another wall on top of it, so that the sea dashes itself against it in vain. I shall never forget my ride in the boat, and I looked at it the sun came from behind a cloud and made countless rainbows with every wave. It was, in fact, a geyser, two miles long, spouting up all colors, shades and tints.

Recife is one of the busiest ports of Brazil. The city has about 200,000 inhabitants. It is right on the sea, being cut up by arms of the ocean, so that its people call it the South American Venice. It is a busy port, about 1,000 ships coming to it every year. It is the first place at which the steamers stop in coming to South America from Europe, and the first place, especially in the winter, where the State of Pernambuco is about as large as New York. It is a great cotton State. The cotton is raised on small plantations, few farmers growing more than two or three bales annually. Still the output is large. The lands are cultivated chiefly with the ax, the hoe and the bowie knife. The trees are first cut down and burned. The holes are dug for the cotton seeds, and after this the more is done except to keep down the weeds until the cotton is ready for picking. There is no plowing to speak of and no farming in our sense of the word. Lands are very cheap, and I do not know of any one growing after modern methods would pay.

It is odd to see the cotton as it is brought here to the warehouses. Much of it comes upon the backs of horses, the two hundred-pound bales being slung to the sides of the saddle. Some of it is brought in on ox carts and some on low wagons.

The cotton is bound with rough sackcloth. It is often tied up with vines, being repacked after it reaches here. It is interesting to watch the loading and unloading of the cotton at the presses. The negroes carry the bales on their heads, often carrying 200 or 300 pounds for a block or more in this way.

**WHERE COTTON MAY BE KING.** I am surprised at the extent of cotton planting in Brazil. The amount raised is on the increase and the day may come when cotton will be king in parts of Brazil as it is in our Southern States. It is raised north of Rio de Janeiro all along the coast to some distance above Pernambuco. I have seen it being loaded at nearly all the ports. A great deal of it goes to the Brazilian factories.

The government has now a tariff on cotton goods which enables the cotton mills to make money. Within the past ten years 15 cotton factories have been established, and the most of these are paying big dividends. One factory paid a dividend of 60 per cent. its first year, and 10 per cent. a year for five years thereafter, at the same time greatly enlarging its plant. In the State of Alagoas, there is a mill which produces 125,000 pieces of cloth a year. It has 450 workmen. The first year it was established it paid a dividend of 48 per cent. The second year it paid 50 per cent. and the third year 40 per cent. In the State of Bahia, there are fifteen cotton mills. There is one at Rio and they are to be found as far south as Sao Paulo.

The southern mills get most of their cotton by ships from the north. In the State of Minas Geraes forty-six factories are in operation. Two hundred thousand workmen are employed and thousands of tons of cotton are annually consumed. I am told that these factories have something like \$15,000,000 capital. There is a single manufacturing company in Bahia which has a million dollars capital. It operates six mills, running 40

## THE RED CROSS IN CUBA

BENEFICENT WORK ALREADY ACCOMPLISHED IN SMALL TOWNS.

The First Orphanage Farm Established—Grim Results of Spanish Cruelty—Fair Land of Promise.

Special Correspondence Indianapolis Journal.

GUINIES, Cuba, May 8.—I wish my readers could see with their own eyes the great change which a fortnight's work has wrought in Catalina. The poor little town of now about eight hundred souls, where four years ago weedy upstart houses and sand—was the saddest place I ever saw. Half the houses were empty, their late tenants having gone to swell the gruesome collection of unburied bones in the Campo Santo; no traffic in the grass-grown streets, no business of any kind going on; the remnants of a once happy and prosperous population sitting idly in their desolate homes, mourning for their dead and too stunned by repeated blows of adverse fortune to entertain either hope or ambition. Destitute children, without any living relatives, were huddled in abandoned houses, sometimes singly, often in groups of three or four together, subsisting on whatever they could forage and grown up as the burrowing creatures of the field. I told you in the previous letter how a branch of the Red Cross Society, under Miss Barton's field agent, Dr. Hubbell, came to Catalina some two weeks ago and gathered all these orphaned and wretched children together. The task of collecting them was no easy matter, for, young as they are, previous hard experiences had taught them the fear of man and nothing but the bangs of hunger induced them to come in.

After a sorry footstep and jostling of war had been fed, washed and clothed in decent garments, their vermin-infested rags burned, lice and ulcers anointed, heads partially cleared of lice and general suffering alleviated, they seemed altogether different mortals. It was reward enough for our unpleasant task to watch the dawn of hope in the little faces and see the expression of abject misery displaced by heavenly content. When the few who were first gathered in found that no fresh calamities awaited them, but only food and kindness, one and another stole away to bring back their more timid friends, who had hitherto eluded our search. In some cases the sick and dragged themselves off, like wretched criminals, to secret hiding places, and others fled like frightened hares at our approach. In one filthy hut two young girls were found, one of them dying of consumption. In another were five small brothers and sisters, the oldest a girl of perhaps thirteen years, with brutish mother instinct, stoutly refusing to defend the little brood with her life, if need be. An older girl, delicate and refined, the daughter of a once well-to-do family, every member of which but herself and one small brother had died of smallpox, was literally shelterless and with no protection whatsoever. Another very poor girl, a twenty-year-old, was disabled by a great ulcer in the leg, primarily caused by impoverished blood, which had eaten to the bone and grown large as the palm of a hand. But why multiply cases? The above are only samples of many, equally harrowing.

## NATIVES CO-OPERATED.

With their willing hands our ladies scrubbed the vacant houses given for our use by the village alcalde, or mayor, after which it was thoroughly disinfected of all possible disease germs and fitted with clean pots and other conveniences. Meanwhile, the young ladies of the town, aroused by good example from their apathy of grief, banded themselves into a club to carry on the work begun by the Americans. They brought two or three sickly sewing machines owned in the neighborhood and came every day to work under intelligent direction. They made clothes for the children, assisted in the simple cooking, gave the little ones their daily bath and undertook the task of teaching them to read and sew. Dr. Aurelio de Flores, a young physician of Catalina, took charge of the medical department and came every day to treat the sick, cleanse the sores and anoint the eruptive diseases; and, in due course, the clean, well-appointed orphanage was turned over to native hands, equipped with stores and medicines for some time to come, and the Red Cross went on to other fields. I give you this, perhaps, too lengthy description of the Catalina work, because it is typical, with slight variations, of what is done in every other place. As to the future of these children, who cannot always be kept in an asylum, Dr. Hubbell's idea is to fit them for useful lives by having each child taught some trade or occupation. To this end a meeting of the citizens was called one evening in the alcalde's house. The bare, but clean parlor of whitewashed boards was filled with sad-faced but earnest-looking men, most of them graybearded and many still wearing the dangling machete and cotton uniforms of the Cuban soldier. The English language is not spoken in Catalina, and Dr. Hubbell is no Spanish scholar, but he manages to make himself clearly understood. Through his interpreter, the eloquent young Cuban, Dr. Carbonell, he assured the people that the purpose of the Red Cross is never to offer demeaning charity, and that its representatives had come to Catalina merely as neighbors, to lend a helping hand in time of trouble, as all good neighbors should, whether nations or individuals. He explained the folly of bringing destitute children up to pauperage in idle city asylums, and the wisdom of training them to useful occupations, particularly farming, so that they might be able to support themselves. He pointed out the fact that, as soon as arrived at suitable age, and called upon Catalinians for help in this direction. They responded gladly and with extreme liberality, considering their impoverished condition. Dr. Flores tendered the use of an untitled tract of land; one offered to fence it, another to lend him mules, plows and his cultivation. A poor but benevolent farmer started the stocking of the ranch with three hens, and others gave in varying numbers until a dozen fowls were secured. One farmer endowed it with a sow and her litter, another donated a pair of goats, another a kid, and Dr. Hubbell promised the people that he would see to it that the orphanage was properly maintained. He pointed out the fact that, as soon as arrived at suitable age, and called upon Catalinians for help in this direction. They responded gladly and with extreme liberality, considering their impoverished condition. Dr. Flores tendered the use of an untitled tract of land; one offered to fence it, another to lend him mules, plows and his cultivation. A poor but benevolent farmer started the stocking of the ranch with three hens, and others gave in varying numbers until a dozen fowls were secured. One farmer endowed it with a sow and her litter, another donated a pair of goats, another a kid, and Dr. Hubbell promised the people that he would see to it that the orphanage was properly maintained.

## A TALE OF HORRORS.

The fifteen-mile railway ride from Catalina to Guinies, made on a May afternoon, is pleasant enough in the day, but as a journey to Cuba, although the beautiful landscape has been sadly marred by the relentless hand of war and every house along the line is in ruins. Midway between the two towns is a startling reminder of Spanish methods. From the car window you see little of it but a black hole in the ground, but should you take the trouble to visit the spot from either village, as some of our party did, you would find that the narrow

## Removal Notice

We are now in our new and enlarged quarters in the new Home Building, 29 and 33 East Ohio St. Come and see us, or telephone 850.

**C. Aneshaensel & Co.**  
Plumbing, Gas and Electric Fixtures.

**MODERN PRINTING Company**  
133 E. Court St.  
Phone 1717  
Moderate Prices.

## osteopathy

**DR. W. R. GEORGE,**  
SIXTH FLOOR STEVENSON BUILDING.  
CONSULTATION FREE.

## Y. B. CIGARS

Sold by all Dealers. Ask for it.

**PATTON BROS.,** 14 East Washington St.

**SAWS AND MILL SUPPLIES.**  
**E. C. ATKINS & CO.**  
Manufacturers and Repairers of all kinds of Office and Factory, South and Illinois Streets Indianapolis, Ind.

**SAWS BELTING and EMERY WHEELS**  
SPECIALTIES OF  
**W. B. Barry Saw and Supply Co**  
123 S. PENN. ST. All kinds of Saws repaired.

**OPTICIANS.**  
**LEO LANDO**  
OPTICIAN

## The Best Things

In this world are the products of hard work.

**Princess**  
PATENT flour is one of the few "best things" among the many food products offered the housewife. Unexcelled, and every package guaranteed.

**BLANTON MILLING CO.**

**Drugs First Quality.**  
POPULAR PRICES

**Huder's Drug Store**  
WASHINGTON AND PENNSYLVANIA STS.  
Open all night.

**SEALS, STENCILS, STAMPS.**  
**STENCILS STAMPS.**  
123 S. PENN. ST. 15 S. MERIDIAN ST. Ground Floor.